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The Tower

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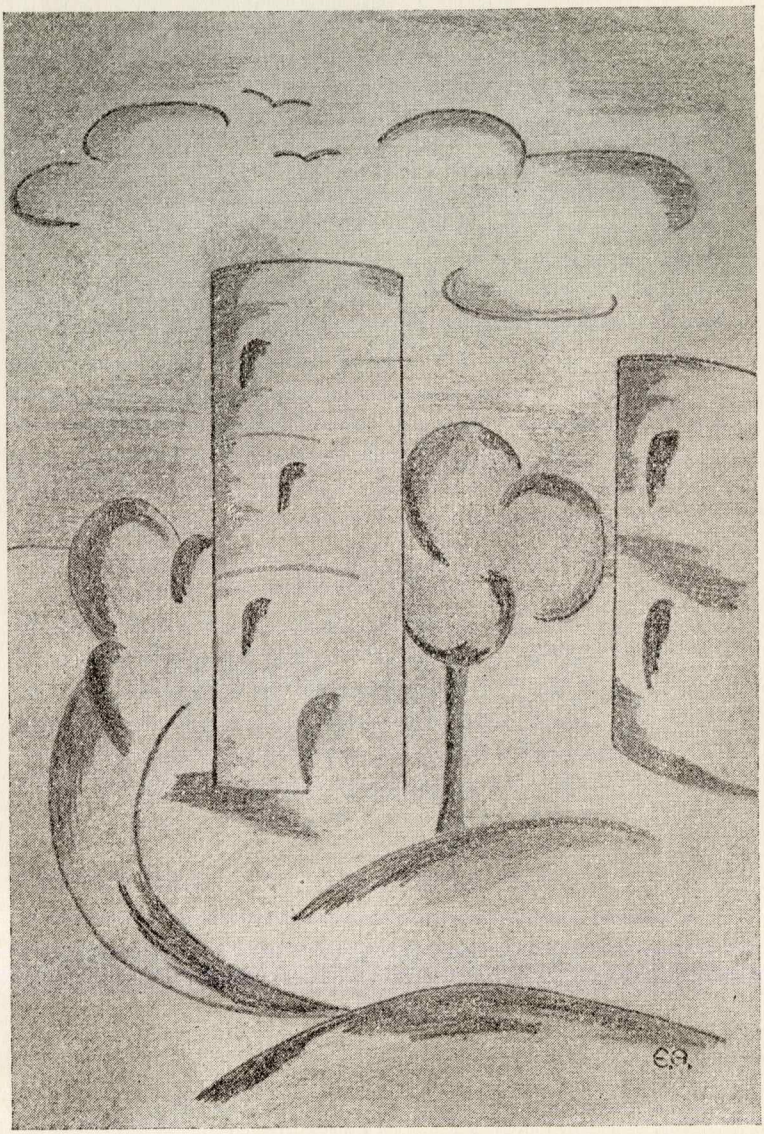

The Tower

THE CHOOSING
by Clare Shackelford, '35

The oldest woman in the world lay dying on her high satin bed—Elgard, queen of the West—and around her, her physicians and waiting women came and went. Already the late sunshine picked out the shrivelled face of a corpse among the pillows. Only the eyes of Elgard moved, eyes whose iris had faded to a muddy film and whose white had aged to pale yellow.

"Hwitkind!" A crow-voice rasped from the bed. And Hwitkind, the chamberlain, almost as withered as his mistress, advanced and knelt at the bedside where the sun shaft twinkled on his bald head.

"Hwitkind, don't kneel there. Bring me my granddaughters!"

Her eyes rolled. She was seeing the other people in the room.

"All of you know I am dying—you want to know who will rule after me. Well, clear the room—and send me my granddaughters, one at a time. Since I have no son, the queenliest must rule."

With rheumatic difficulty, the chamberlain rose and withdrew from the fragile presence, followed by the whispering ladies and physicians in their dark robes.

A corpse with living eyes, the feared and adored Queen of the West lay alone. A long, strict, prosperous reign was coming to an end—and the motes danced in the autumn sunshine.

Before the light had moved a finger-width on the coverlet Hwitkind crept in again followed by a beautiful tall young woman whose dark hair was bound in a cap of netted gold.

"The Lady Bragmar," announced the chamberlain and trembled himself out on aged limbs.

"Bragmar," cawed the old woman.

With a swirl of black velvet, the princess knelt to kiss the brittle claw held out to her.

"Dearest grandmother, I trust you find your health improved."

"You know I am dying, Bragmar. Get up and let me look at you."

The princess rose and swept gracefully to the foot of the bed.

"There now. Stop. You look like a queen, Bragmar; you even walk like one—which is immeasurably more to the point. What would you do with my crown for an ornament, my dear?"

"I should administer your possessions to the utmost of my ability and should endeavor to increase them."

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A sound that might have been a laugh rattled from Elgard's throat.

"You even talk like a queen," she chuckled gleefully. "Except that I don't believe you. No, don't lose your temper—a most unregal thing to do."

"You are a handsome child—good figure, dignity, and clever, too, I dare say. Well, how would you keep the people's affection? It's a neat thing for a ruler to have."

Bragmar shrugged. "Really, madam, need we—"

"We need. How would you keep your subjects of a mind to obey you?"

"Then I should draw the noble families around me through preferment and entertainment, appear in a guise fitting my station, teach the rabble to love my magnificence and benevolence."

"Stop," rasped Elgard. "You would waste in a week what has taken me three generations to gather—on dress and processions and feasts to people who can feed themselves. And the commons? How do you propose to win them?"

Bragmar lifted her firm chin. "By winning their masters, by those public appearances that you condemn, madam."

"Won't take the place of peace and full stomachs. God save us from a vain woman! Go away, go away; you are beginning to annoy me."

Bragmar's face was cold as an angry mask as she turned to go.

"No, come back here—here." Elgard's voice was kinder and her bony hand pointed the princess to kneel beside the bed.

"Now, where's your head? Yes, put my hand on it. Where did you get that cap? Never mind. There, you have my blessing if that's any comfort to you. Bless you, my dear granddaughter. That's the conventional thing to do and you'd expect it. Now get up. I do love you, I suppose. You can't help the way God built you. Now, go marry the righest man at court and be outrageously happy. Run along and send me Bertha."

Gracefully, ceremoniously, Bragmar knelt again and kissed the withered hand, then glided out of the room with a rushing of velvet train along the floor.

When the door opened again a fair plump girl in gray tiptoed in, her wide brown eyes sodden with tears.

"Grandmother," she said timidly.

"You, Bertha? Come over here where I can see you."

The old woman spoke soothingly as to a child. Bertha sped across

the room to throw herself affectionately on her knees by the bed. Her plump little hands, pressed painfully together, sank into the coverlet.

"Don't look as if you were already at my wake! I'm not dying for some hours yet, child. There, I didn't intend to make you cry." Very gently the old queen's hand sought and let itself rest in the soft curls that had bowed against the bed.

"Now look at me. You know why you were sent for?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Well, how would you like being queen?"

Bertha winced like a frightened rabbit, and her chin trembled.

"No, grandmother!"

"No! Well, I expected you to say that. We can't always do no more than we like. What would you do if you were queen?"

"I don't know."

"Think, child! What would you do?"

"I'd—You mean tell you now?"

"Yes, now. Go on."

"Then I'd call the poor soldiers home and not have any more war. And I'd set up homes for those who haven't good ones. And—"

"Wait," interrupted Elgard. "If you stopped the war on the Northern marches now, Harold of Rael would take the whole country and the condition of the people would cease to be your affair. And again when you rule, you must rule—no marrying Edgar the Lucky and letting him rule for you."

Bertha's eyes were round and dark with fright. Her child-face grew pink then white and her breath seemed frozen within her.

"The girl's going to faint," marvelled Elgard. "Wake up, child. You need not accept the crown if the thought frightens you so. Marry your Edgar and thank God for giving you a wise man to advise you. Bless you, sweetest. Now run along and tell Scylda I'm waiting for her." Kindly the voice had grown, as a child's comforting a favorite kitten.

Rising, Bertha leaned to kiss the old woman's cheek. Then she was gone, too full of tears to speak her relief and gratefulness.

And hardly was she away when Scylda strolled in and stood in the waning sunlight, waiting for the old woman to speak. Her tow-colored hair was plainly coiled, her cheeks looked freshly-scrubbed—her mouth was plain, set straight across like a man's.

"Well, Scylda."

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Grandly and adequately, Scylda curtsied, sinking until her skirts spread wide on the floor.

"Yes, madam, my grandmother. You sent for me?"

Directly, Elgard plunged into her purpose. "How would you like to be queen?"

"Very much indeed, grandmother, but I hope I need not for years."

"Good, smooth tongue," commented Elgard with satisfaction. "To continue, how would you manage the war with Harold?"

Scylda turned to look from the open window into the sunset. Swinging around again, she said, "We are losing now. I'd ask for a conference, marry him, and join the two kingdoms."

The head on the pillow shook vigorously. "Never."

Scylda's jaw was straight and hard. "It will mean peace for us both and all Harold needs is someone to tell him how wonderful he is—let him toy as he likes and I'll give orders to his council."

"My dear, I believe you would," Elgard chuckled. "Bless your heart."

"With the combined army we can take the West Marches and King Morred's warm valleys. That will take care of the revenues. You know the people are beginning to complain of taxation. Harold means well enough; I can influence him to replace vacancies in the council by competitive examinations."

"Scylda," said Elgard, "you sound like a man—a cold-blooded one. But aren't you in love? Your sisters are."

Paling, Scylda stood defiant. "To keep the kingdom of the West, I must marry Harold of Rael."

"But you have never seen Harold and remember you are promised to young Orsa, the Lowlander, son of my old general-in-chief. Why promise yourself to him except for love?"

Scylda's hands clenched; she threw back her head.

"Very well. I did not dream of the crown then. I do love him—but, madam my grandmother, we have a kingdom to keep—which Orsa knows as well as I. Is he not leading our forces?"

In the room the long silence was as still as the sunlight along the floor.

"Scylda," croaked the Queen of the West, "can I trust you to do as you have said?"

"Yes."

"Then succeed me, dear. God be thanked, there's one of you with the wit and courage to rule. Now I can afford to die. I had too much

on my mind before."

"Come here, granddaughter."

Scylda came close to the bed side.

"Now don't thank me. I've willed everything out of your life but toil and responsibility, but you are the only kin I have who could bear it."

"Kiss me. Now, go and be happy if you can, but if you can't—keep the Westland."

"Yes, grandmother."

BURIAL FOR THE DEAD

Bow then your heads and mouth the words of grief,
Anguish for thine own sake—Death cannot hear
Your vacant utterance. Let fall no tear
For one released from this encumbered dust
To life immortal, changeless, without fear,
The merciful answer and the last relief.

Oh, faulty race, with eyes close shut and blind
And hearts untempered by the glorious grace
Of birth and death and living transience!
Are we so allied to the cursed mind,
We cannot visualize the soul of space,
The elemental stuff of humankind?

—*Roberta Taylor,* '36.

DISILLUSIONED

A deceitful thing is a light in a fog.
The flame glows like a Christmas candle,
Pure and holy, wrapped in a halo.

As a child grasping for a toy
Or groping for his mother in the darkness
We strive toward it—stumbling,
Because it holds our eyes, and keeps them from the path.

Then, drawing too near, its brilliance for a moment blinds us.
We fling quick hands across our eyes—drop them—and there it stands—
A glaring yellow globe,
Wearing a hat of cold, hard tin.

—*Harriette Stripling,* '36.

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TO SHIPS

Winged vessels,
Neptune's daughters,
Listlessly, as birds in flight
Float your curved bodies
Above watery caves,
And with calm motions
Stir the sea.

—*Ida Kathryn Coker,* '36.

PONDERINGS

Through the heavy downpour,
I see the smooth etching
Of the distant trees on the horizon,
And the nearness of the seeping clouds
I hear the steady resounding
Of the rain against the earth.
The room is dark with shadows . . .
The greyness of the out-of-doors
Gives little light.
The night is being mocked!
A ghastly sight
Retrieved only by bright thoughts.

—*Louise Lucas,* '37.

NARCISSUS

Reflection, looking up, was less than shadow
And had no love for even its own perfection.
But young Narcissus, looking downward,
Loved reflection.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

REMINISCENCE

by Marjorie Browne, '36.

The house nestled white and cosy among the green vines. Near the door was a lilac bush whose purple fragrance was alive with bees in the early spring, and in late fall the gay pompoms of chrysanthemums flaunted their heads beneath the window. In the oak just outside the white picket fence lived a pair of mocking birds, and once some hoot owls raised a furry little family there, quite unmolested by cats or boys.

Every morning very early Miss Winkle took her basket on her arm, closed the white gate carefully behind her, and went to market to buy fish and fresh vegetables. And always she stopped by the little shop on the corner to buy a bag of sweets which appeared magically from the depths of her apron pocket if a child met her on the street or visited her in her cool clean parlor or gay sunny kitchen.

I can remember still the taste of those divine confections—the tart chewy kind or the delightfully crunchy ones. From the time I could toddle I used to go with the other children to meet Miss Winkle. We would see her coming down the sunny street, a dainty little figure with white curls. On her arm swung the full basket which the gallant little boys took to carrying, while the little girls held her hand. I remember that once she carried me in her arms half way down the block to her gate. The memory is a vague mixture of a sticky sweet taste, faint fragrance of her wrinkled pink cheek, and one bobbing white curl. And yet I think that brief ride must have been the beginning of my peculiar love for her.

From then on it seems that not a morning passed that I didn't go skipping down the shady road to the little cottage, shyly at first and then boldly, but always with a sense of the pleasure that awaited me. The other children visited Miss Winkle too, but I was the one who knew her best. Sometimes she would let me wipe her little blue cups or bake a ginger man I had made myself. Sometimes she would take me into a litle room upstairs where there was, among other things, an old sea chest.

Here were many treasures that had been "his." There was an old folding fan from China and a tiny pair of Chinese shoes. These I remember best of all except the ivory egg which was from India. It was the size of an ordinary egg, but on being opened, another egg and another were disclosed until inside the very tiniest egg was a little gold fig-

ure of Buddah. This one treasure I never tired of seeing, but strangely enough I never mentioned it or any of the others to the rest of the children.

As I look back now, Miss Winkle was connected with almost all of the happiest moments in my childhood. She helped me in my struggle over the prize-winning essay on "My Pets" and afterwards gave me the slender gold chain on which was hung the prize gold piece. With loving hands she made me my first silk dress, all ruffles and pink rosebuds, which I wore to my first recital. And the time I was a fluttering angel in the Christmas pageant, it was Miss Winkle who smiled up at me so that I wasn't afraid.

Then somehow I was grown up. Visits to the little cottage grew more and more infrequent until they stopped altogether. Not that I had forgotten Miss Winkle; rather she became a vague sweet memory, lovely and yet not of my world. I remember waving to her sometimes as I dashed past, and I wonder now if there might not have been a bit of wistfulness in her face as she watched me.

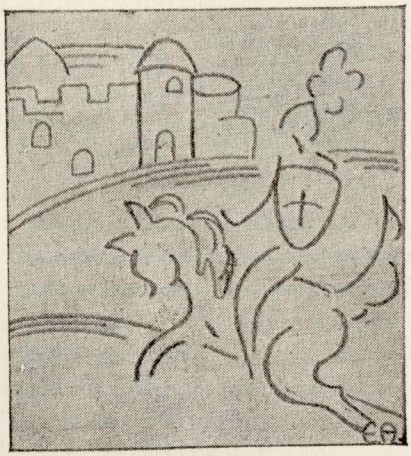
Once again, though briefly, I returned to my former love for Miss Winkle. Word came that she was very ill and then that she had gone —forever. The poignancy of my grief overwhelmed me for several bitter days; then time and my own sense of being vibrantly alive softened the pain to a sweet memory.

The little house is still there, cosy among the green vines, but the lilacs are not so sweet nor do the bees hum so cheerfully. Somehow with Miss Winkle, the soul had left it, and it is just another house. But yesterday I saw a candle shining soft on an old blue plate and once again I was a little girl at Miss Winkle's knee.

PRAYER

O Lord, let me be growing clever and strong and kind,
I would be ever showing feasts to a hungry mind,
I would be ever giving truth to an empty phrase—
Grant me a gracious living, fashioning years from days.

—Roberta Taylor, '36.



PHAIDRA'S GHOST—A SONNET SEQUENCE

by Roberta Taylor, '36

Sonnet I

Now am I born, now is my heart awake;
The meaning for a world at last comes true.
Here in this hour the grieving song must break—
So did its music come between us two.
Let sound the golden chord, the glory note—
One smile has flashed, fled is my loneliness.
Let down the rusty drawbridge to the moat;
Sound out the bugles! This long tenantless
And gloomy castle greets, because it must,
One gallant guest. Let torches flare and light
The very corners, grey with ancient dust.
Now shall the long despair slip with the night,
You are the dearness Love's white truth inspired,
The consummate beauty dreamed of and desired.

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Sonnet II

Living and seeking an ever recurrent dream
Of kindly wisdom, strength, and perfect grace,
I found it when I first beheld your face
And saw within your eyes an answering gleam.
A sudden verity comes to my mind
And pulses in the tightening of my throat—
One part of you no one could ever find
Except myself. And in my heart I gloat
That some particular beauty set apart
Is mine alone because I made it so—
Created by my love and fashioned whole,
A symmetry reflected by my heart.
For loveliness can be but what we know,
A personal equation in one soul.

Sonnet III

This thing has come upon me suddenly
And like a wounded deer I fall and run,
Seeking escape from such a malady,
Stricken to know that Phaidra is undone.
My spirit faints before calamity.
Here is the bitter loss of all I prize;
I stop aghast to see that this my world
So lately crashed before my very eyes
Can then confound a courage. Faith hangs furled,
A mockery to a heart I once deemed wise.
"To quell love is to die"—the words profane
My trusted strength, for love cannot be blind
Before deception. Shall I then attain
The painless dying of a hollow mind?

Sonnet IV

So we parted, trying to understand
Why all of living that had been so sweet
Must be denied; and all the joys we planned
In precious stolen hours, when at his feet
I tasted loveliness, exquisite pain,
How could that be forgotten, that and more—

The meaning of the sun and grateful rain.
He touched my hand and then I heard the door
Creak on its hinges—down the flagstone walk
His footsteps sounded for an endless time.
And then I smiled at how my friends would talk:
Trivialty mocked the grief that should be mine,
And there I sat and watched the minutes creep—
I felt me dying but I could not weep.

Sonnet V

I think your lips have never been so blessed
As in this hour when we were saying good-bye—
I can remember kisses you have pressed
Against my mouth with passionate out-cry,
Without this poignant aching in my breast
That holds me in its weariness today.
I can remember nights when you and I
Watched the moon fade and cheek to cheek we lay
With scarce a thought for kissing, and the sky
Grew slowly light and dawn discovered day.
Oh, pulse of our hearts together beat for beat
Has struck my soul with keen prophetic fears
But never your lips have been so wildly sweet
As once when they were salty wet with tears.

Sonnet VI

Make no mistake I ask forgetfulness
No remnants left of banners gayly waved;
What's done is done; I do not seek redress
Or want compassion. Nothing have I saved
From all the wondrous wealth that Love has given
Lest you may call mine sorry pittance. Wait—
Cold darkness, hung despairingly was riven
At last by my long groping soul, and hate
And bitterness passed out to leave me calm.
There in my heart new richness came to spell
A deeper beauty, a gentler soothing balm.
Thus have I found it futile to rebel:
I have found wisdom, strength in loneliness.
I only ask one thing—forgetfulness

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Sonnet VII

I see you turn reluctantly and smile
As if with vague remembrance of me;
Within your eyes I watch you for awhile
Grope in the past for my identity;
And all my cherished dreams return to dust,
Since I no longer find what once I knew
I should forever love because I must.
There is no vestige of that charm in you
That once enchanted me and never more
Shall I recall your face and shake and cry
Or long for day because my heart is cold.
A dream had died and what I loved before
Becomes so meaningless it cannot die
And memory within me has grown old.

Sonnet VIII

This is the last defeat, the tortuous rest;
That is the pinnacle of gray despair;
And I shall cross my hands upon my breast
And powder ashes from my lifeless hair.
No one shall seek me, none could ever find
My twilight land, my dusk and luckless lair.
And I shall gnaw on stones and scourge my mind
With mocking cankerous words that pent me there;
I shall drink deep of that so bitter draught;
The dregs of Life's rare cup of sweetest wine.
Thorns for my pillow, creeping roots for bed
Whereon I toss since life is less than nought.
I scorn the world that is no longer mine
And I shall dream of love and call it dead.

IN YOUR QUIET BEAUTY

In your quiet beauty I can see a picture—
Thick in a bed of some small garden plot.
Stiff grow the pinks—yet rarest, sweetest perfume
Floods from these flowers standing all sun hot.

—Eleanor Smith, '38.

CREATION OF SPRING

Strength,
The Samson god,
Throwing his hair to the sky,
Laughing giant in the wilderness—
March winds.

Courage,
The rain-decked Delilah,
Grasping her sword of lightning,
Dares to cut his hair in the darkness—
Rain storms.

Morning,
The veiled sleeper,
Arose as Delilah departed,
And smiled to behold a new creation—
The Spring—

—*Aeolian McRee,* '37.

FIRE

The frenzied beauty of your flames' own light
Hides even your ruthless demon power.
Which makes gray wood, in one last fiendish fight,
To crumble—But lovely is your hour.

—*Ida Kathryn Coker,* '36.

WANDERER

One need not turn his stride from his own country,
Journey toilsomely to find strange lands.
Let him stand in his last furrow till the moon rise
Breaks at his feet on unfamiliar sands,
And friendly alien shapes will come to touch his hands.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

NOCTURNE

Dark birds fly in the night;
Light is a nebulous memory;
Sound can never be more than a moth-like brushing of wings.
But know that the river is smooth,
That the water is alive and flowing;
It sustains and caresses the lilies
That glow like souls through the darkness.

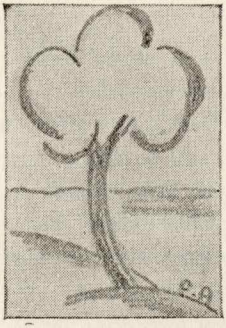
—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

SHADOW

Robin Hood is dead; dead is Maid Marian;
Abelard and Heloise sleep in forgetting;
Even Helen is a bit of drifted dust somewhere,
And Paris, Menelaus, and Faustus have forgot her;
Theseus and Odysseus have forsworn daring;
Only small loves lie and good folk and respectable.

Odysseus calls me from play with my maidens
And, ocean-bruised, leafage-girt,
Asks for my bounty—
Theseus presses me so close beside him
That I cannot choose but feel his brave heart beating,
Thus we fly from Minos—
Here in the quiet convent garden,
Here with roses around, above me,
I close the great book on my lap
To read again from Abelard his letter—
Robin Hood has found me, here in the green-wood,
Found and kissed me and fairly embraced me—
And so I, Helen, stand beside a certain temple wall
While Trojan princes march in battle gear before me;
I, Helen, stand breathless—then turn to hide my sudden
weeping.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.



BUT NOT THE TEARS

"So like a tree," she said; and tall and slim
He strove to be and held his head so high
He saw no tears although they fell for him.
He reached for stars and let the world go by;
He loved his pattern, growing tall and slim.

And when she clasped his hand she found it chill
—So like a tree the heart of him is still.

—Roberta Taylor, '36.

THE OAK

Broken, trembling, wind-tossed,
Above the wreckage of the storm,
Stands the shaggy, twisted trunk
Of a gaunt and gnarled oak.
Gray mosses stringing in the wind,
As tangled, silvered locks
Cling to the furrowed brow
Of an aged man.

—Ruby Lee Livings, '35.

RAINY NIGHT

What a frightful sight
On a rainy night
Teacher Moon's roll book must be—
or
Does she take delight
On a rainy night
Marking stars absent or tardy?

—*Miriam Dunn,* '36.

CLOUDY

The great clouds breast the air today
Like giant swans upon a lake,
And I, a wondering minnow gray,
Cower in the depths and quake
To see their huge, unhurried sweep
Across the dim, expectant deep.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

THOUGHTS IN A PARK

I asked, "Has the park a soul?"
And he answered, "Yea, as you and I."
"Does it suffer?"
"Yea—when the cold slaps it in the face
And people shun it for its lost beauty,
When it is forgotten by the birds
And scrawny old twisted trees show their nakedness.
You ask, 'Does it suffer?' "
Be kind to the park for in its paths
Walk the souls of lover's whispers
And in its heart still breathe the
Fierce panting joys of little boys.

—*Irma Loehr,* '36.

IMPRESSIONS

I

The train pulled itself to a jerky stop and I alighted with unsteady step, laden with grips, boxes, magazines, and an empty candy box—the typical picture of any young freshman destined for a "college education!"

I looked about dazedly and "hunched" up the bundles in my overladen arms. The night lights of the station shone (rather weakly I thought at the time) with the dulled yellow glint of old weathered globes, upon a small olive-green structure with a huge sign across one side, "Calera!"

—*Eleanor Smith,* '38.

II

The night was black—very black—and it seemed as if the seven miles from Calera to Montevallo would never end. The car skidded perilously on the rocky gravel around another curve. To the right, in a valley, shone hundreds of yellow lights—inviting, cheerful, yet so obviously from college dormitories.

"Montevallo!" sighed a sentimental senior. "This is the last time I'll come back after a Christmas Vacation."

"I wish to peace I could say that," this from a flippant freshman, practically obscure in her corner of the back seat. "How you've stood Montevallo for four years is more than I can understand."

"Well, even if I don't like Montevallo," Jane said, "heaven knows I'm glad to get back. I'd rather be here than sitting in Calera waiting for a taxi."

—*Bunelle Hall,* '38.

III

Diary of a modern Pepys: Up betimes, and turned on the light to find scraps from last night's feast—cracker-crumbs and pickled cauliflower. T. J. in to announce her intention of making a ravishing red blouse and inviting me to have one like it. Down to breakfast, of little sausages and grits, still heavy-eyed and sleepy; then off to a long eight o'clock class.

—*Dinkey Sankey,* '37.

IV

The bell taps, grace is said, and we sit. Amid the shuffle of feet and chairs and the rattle of dishes, we carry on our discussion of what we will have for dessert. Comments turn to high-toned arguments and we refuse to be quieted until the person at the head of the table interposes. She inquires and the waitress informs us that we will be served cherry pie. No one had thought of pie—nice cherry pie in a deep grey pan, no ice cream, just cherry pie.

—*Mary Scarbrough,* '37.

V

Geometrists and Psychologists are a strange tribe, now, but it is best, in dealing with all savages to treat them sternly, and never give an inch —even if it takes two feet. Always keep a fire burning at night. They have a strange belief that where the midnight oil is burned they don't have much of a chance to sneak in and grab a scalp during that horrible and curious custom that they celebrate at regular times, and call in their language Heapa Bigga Exama—the translation in our language literally means Teacher's Delight.

—*Janice Carley,* '36.

VI

The professor went on and on. To Jane, his very enlightening lecture on one of the lesser branches of science was merely a monotonous noise that barely brushed the surface of her brain. She idly watched a trail of ants climb up the window-sill, wondering if they were as bored as she. Probably not, their ears were so tiny they didn't even hear it. Ho hum! She glanced at her watch. It was only two o'clock! Surely, this eon had lasted more than thirty minutes! She traced aimless designs on her paper. Out of the wandering lines, she began, almost unconsciously, to form words—Miss Jane Manners—Miss Jane Elizabeth Manners—Mr. Bob Stuart—Mrs. Bob Stuart—Mrs. Robert R. Stuart— Her pencil slowed to a stop, and with a drowsy smile hovering about her lips, she drifted off into dreamy rememberings of last week-end, only to be rudely awakened by the sudden jangle of the bell.

—*Mamie Meroney,* '38.

VII

Littered—a word that fits the state of my dresser only too well. Everything looks so systematically littered. A rolled-up towel containing

the breakfast grapefruit seeds in one corner, supporting a boudoir doll with garters idiotically slung around her smart French coiffure. Mascara, eyebrow brushes and pencils, lipsticks, and all the necessary materials that keep that "school girl complexion" from slipping. These are thrown in the middle of the dresser. On the left end reposes in peace, for the moment, a taffeta bow with the pronged ends of eyebrow tweezers sticking out. One's eye travels from there to a large tinted picture. A fleeting thought, I never liked tinted pictures. The eye goes up and around to two informal snapshots in each corner of the mirror. It is attracted next by the spider web of extension cords that circumnavigate the room. I follow one to the lighted head of a modernistic doll which goes out with the rest of the lights all over the building.

—*Jeanette Jones,* '38.

AUTUMN

Autumn comes
In a mad gay whirl
Of dancing leaves
That toss and twirl
And flaunt their skirts
In the face of the sun.

He winks at them in ponderous glee;
But then—he sighs
To think that he,
Because of his immensity
Can't join the fun.

—*Marjorie Browne,* '36.

HANDS

Her hands are white petals
Gleaming in the darkness.

His hands are brown leaves
Rustling in the sun.

—*Evelyn Stephens,* '37.

SONG OF LAST SUMMER'S OXFORDS

by Mamie Meroney, '38

From a musty, dusty closet,
From their boxes in the darkness,
Come last summer's dusty oxfords—
Come the grass-stained linen sandals.
Then, from out the lowest drawer
Of a neatly-painted dresser
Comes a bottle of white polish,
Polish half-used-up last summer,
Then, forgotten in the winter
Like the shoes it beautifies.
Shoes that through the shining window
Of a dress shop gleamed last April,
Fresh in all their startling whiteness.
Then I donned them gaily, proudly,
And I wore them through the summer—
Wore them on my hikes and picnics
'Till the soles were almost gone,
'Till the heels became worn down.
Then, into a shoe shop went I
With my precious worn-out oxfords,
Had them heeled and soled and polished,
Had them looking almost new.
Then another long month's wearing
And, at last into the darkness
Of the closet relegated,
There to spend the lonely winter.
Then, when March came with its windstorms,
With its rain and mud and greeness,
With its promise of warm weather,
Then, I brought them from their boxes,
Brought them from the dusty closet
To the light of day once more,
Brought them out and polished, whitened,
Wore them gaily as before.
And I'll wear them through the summer,
'Till they can be worn no more.

LESSON XIII

by Reba Kilpatrick, '36

The Frenchman who discovered Baltimore was Selaganella. Now Selaganella sailed in his good ship, the "Ameoba" and landed on that celestial shore in the year 1492.

"Eureka! Senores, la hemos descubido!" shouted the joyous Selaganella, and his ecstatic fellow voyagers fell upon his neck and wept for joy. Then Selanganella and his men reared their flag on the new land and officially claimed the territory to their homeland, closing the ceremony by singing a chromatic cantata in the key of G.

This brave little crew had sailed from Europe because of the terrible oppressiveness of their home rule. While liberal in many minor questions, the French government prohibited all fur trade within that country.

Now they acquired a new, smaller vessel called the "Sensory Motor Ark," a boat not greatly dissimilar to our present day motor boat, and in it they navigated the Mississippi from its mouth to its source. It was no uncommon thing, on a warm summer's night, to hear the crew splashing along the Mississippi, lustily singing "Little Miss Muffet." As you are aware, this song starts on "Do." You remember that this highly excitable young lady sat on a tuffet, which is a fungus bearing a sporophyll, inside the sporangium of which are borne the spores.

Selaganella established a colony in Missouri, and sailed away, later returning to find that the people had disappeared. The only sign left of them was the word, "Onomatapoeia" carved crudely upon a tree. This is now known as the "Lost Colony."

This small valiant pioneer group was Puritan in belief, and so harbored great antagonism toward John Winthrop and his followers. They were firm believers in the divine-right of kings.

Chief among their accomplishments was an extensixe study in child psychology and the interdependence of endocrine glands, and they also donated much to the cause of assonant and alliterative poetry. Great was their contribution to the later development of this our America.

And this, my dear children, is why Sophomores go home.

April, 1935

LULLABY

Golden is the molten sun,
Tiptoeing down to rest;
Golden is your sleepy head
Nestling on my breast;
Golden are the drowsy waves,
That kiss the golden sand;
Golden are the tiny ships
Racing home to land.
Golden is the midlight lamp
God hung in the sky;
Golden are the winking stars
That catch the wandering eye;
Golden are the many thoughts
I can not let go free,
Each a link in a golden chain
That binds you close to me.

—*Irma Loehr,* '36.

SNOW

The soft snow falls about my shoulders
Sparkling, glistening, glimmering—
An old, old-fashioned shawl
Caught with diamonds.

—*Ellen Fish,* '37.

A BOUQUET

A sprig of evergreen, and a wild flower,
Another little blossom, and another little bloom—
With some deftly clever fingers, mix them
In a bright dish.

—*Louise Lucas,* '37.

MY GRANDFATHER

by Bunelle Hall

He is quite old, ninety-one next month, to be exact—, yet he seems to be fully ten years younger than his actual age. In spite of his bald head with a wavy, silver-white fringe around the edges, the vivid scar just above his right eye that becomes more vivid with the passing years, his faded blue eyes, and his very slightly stooping frame, there is something youthful about him. His eyes, though clouded and faded, still snap and send blue sparks; the laughter lines around his mouth have deepened with age, but he still laughs so heartily that it does one good to hear him; his shoulders are slightly bent—but only with years and he is a true soldier to the core of his heart and he sits and stands as straight as many men years younger than he.

He has, naturally, gotten to the stage where he loves to "live in the past." Often he thinks of his beloved wife whom he called "Miss 'Lina," his early years, the trying time of the Civil War, his happy life with his wife and children, but he very rarely speaks of any of them. I remember hearing him tell war tales only once—but they were so fascinating and heart-rending that I remember them yet.

He does not, as many older people do, think that the younger generation is going to the dogs. That would mean, in his opinion, that he does not consider his own grandchildren as suitable playmates for his own children. No, the younger generation is not on the downward trend, necessarily, but they *do* do things he does not approve of. This business of dancing, for instance. "Just a new style of hugging," he sums it up in disgust. And the way they play hymns in church. "None of them can play hymns like they should be sung," he says, "except Mamie (his daughter). They all play hymns like dance music and it makes me want to dance!"

He is generous, considerate, kind, and polite, a typical Southern host. But he is, perhaps, getting a little tired of life. Sometimes he says that he will be glad when the time comes for him to join Miss 'Lina, and then there comes a short flash and sparkle of renewed life. He is always active, working in his garden, his dairy, and even splitting stove wood. And he still has a flash of his old fiery temper—a Hall tradition, most unfortunately, and sometimes he says things that he afterwards regrets —as we all do. As he said not so long ago:

"There's one thing about these Halls. When they think 'damn,' they say 'damn.'"!

April, 1935

IMPRESSIONS

A highway—
A silver satin ribbon
Edged in green lace
And stretched in moonlight.

Unpaved roads—
Ruddy pebble-crepe ties
With tiny hemmed edges,
And scattered profusely.

A country road—
Ragged strips of an old dress,
With green stripe in the center
And frayed on either side.

Stepping stones—
White odd-shaped buttons
Placed at any line
On soft, green crepe.

An old path—
An old brown shoe-string,
Worn weak in spots,
And lost in a ragbag.

—*Mary Scarbrough,* '37.

THE ANGUISHED TREE

The anguished tree
Clutches feebly at her leafy brood,
Only to see them sail away
On an Autumn gale and return—
To lie at her feet.

—*Fan Pledger,* '35.

IDLE TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Subtitle: *Thoughts on a Train*

by Harriette Stripling, '36

Why does the pink-haired lady across the aisle have on a red dress? No autumn leaves yet but the only flowers left are purple and yellow. I would think the fat man over there a gangster if he did not bear such a marked resemblance to a hog. I do believe he's going to eat that cantaloupe. If we were moving all the time our thoughts would change so fast that we would never get any very great problems solved. Most of us never do any way. He did eat the cantaloupe and now he's started on potato chips. What is—was—that place? I'm glad this is one of those snooty trains. It always gave me a feeling of inferiority to hear the fast trains go right through the home town with a couple of snorts. The man in front needs a shave. I wonder if the baby cried when I left. What on earth is that? It's awful! Ah! I might have known the fat man would be the culprit. Anybody who would eat limburger in public! There's been a storm here. The weak things have all been pushed aside and only the strong things are still straight and tall. Looks as though there might be another one coming now. Those hills look beautiful, all grey and blue. I wish it would wash my window clean. Oof! Why don't they announce tunnels before you're plunged into them? There's a lovely view—flat green and red fields with a semi-circle of mountains back at the edge like a pie-crust. You certainly can't judge towns from the view you get from the train. This one is lovely when you are driving through on the highway lined with ancient cedars, but all I can see now are dingy old houses, broken down fences around bumper crops of weeds, and dirty factories and warehouses. The only bright spot was a trumpet vine on a barn. There goes a slice of cake—and another—and another. Why did he bother to cut it up? I wouldn't believe it would be possible if he weren't so huge. There's a mountain wearing a hat and veil of clouds, and right over there another with the sun shining on it. There goes a little tiny cloud in a great big hurry. Good old brown Alabama dirt again. And here is the first Alabama station. HO-Hum. Maybe, though, it is just as well I can't sleep on the train. If that lady knew how she looks with her eyes shut and her mouth open, I'm sure she'd wake herself up. The men are beginning to pull out their watches and the women their powder puffs. The fat man must not be getting off here, he hasn't put up his sandwich. I wonder if he's going to eat all the way to wherever he's going? I hope somebody meets me.

April, 1935

COMMUNION

Cool words and all the cautious hateful phrases
They parry with adeptness of light weapons,
Whose blades are crossed and turned and crossed again,
The bantering inborn of a tense abstraction.
Severed the swift communion that their souls
Have almost found in unveiled eyes—they speak
And feathery lashes flutter, brush upon the cheek.

Hand clasped in hand they sit and talk of this
And that and wonder why their words are dead,
And why their thoughts cannot clasp hands and nod
And understand completely, even kiss
In perfect fired agreement.
Oh, the distance
That separates two people in one room—
And thoughts that long to touch can beat at walls
Self-reared so long before, and find no key,
No secret way where with to swing the door
So hopeless and so final is its strength.

Great God, the hopeless insufficiency
Of words—they were created by despair
And men and women since the earliest day
Have cursed at them and some have turned
And touched the lips, pressed cheek against the hair
Of their beloved and found no thing to say
That would not jar their perfect harmony.

There were two things that when the world was made
The wisest angel set aside for Love
The first was darkness, delicate and blue
The other was the silence of great peace
—Two hearts communicant, with stars above
Find stillness sweet.

Roberta Taylor, '36.

THE SNAKE STORY

by Betty Bishop

"Bonnie Lee," yelled mother very excitedly. "Come here quick! There's a—Oh! come!"

Bonnie Lee came running, all out of breath.

"My goodness, what's the matter? Has that ole' stove busted again? Well—"

"Look!" screamed mother, "Look! No right out the ventilation hole of the oven! It's a snake! Oh! I know it's a moccasin or a rattler!"

She rushed out the door and stood on the steps nervously wringing her hands.

"Oh what'll I do? I'd rather die than go into that house with that horrible creature, and the keys to the car are hanging over the sink."

"Let's go and get Bet's Ford," suggested Bonnie Lee, nearly excited as mother.

They hurried out to the barn and cranked up the old Ford and drove noisily down the road.

"Say, I'm going over to Barnes'," yelled mother over the din.

As soon as the car stopped, Bonnie Lee hopped out and ran up the walk to the steps. Mrs. Barnes was sitting on the porch rocking one of the many. She noted Bonnie Lee's excited look and waited for an explanation. Bonnie Lee talked so fast that all Mrs. Barnes could separate from the confusion of words was, "Mr. Barnes" and "snake."

"He's over in the north potato patch. If you'll wait, I'll send one of the kids over."

"We can't wait; we're in a desperate hurry." And she dashed down the walk.

"Let's go to Mr. Willet's," hollored Bonnie Lee, after she had told mother where Mr. Barnes was.

"That's right, we sure will."

She turned off into a winding woods trail. How she came out unscarred and not wrapped around a tree was a miracle. When they reached Mr. Willets', Bonnie Lee hopped out of the car and ran up the walk. She banged the front door impatiently. Mr. Willet opened the door and gazed nearsightedly at her.

"What y'all want? Ma an' me don't need no newfangled sewing machine and we ain't got nary none rooster for y'all church house people."

April, 1935

"It's me, Mr. Willet," exclaimed Bonnie Lee.

"How should I know who 'me' aire? Why you could be—Law, honey chile, it's you. Come right in an' set a spell."

"I can't, Mr. Willet. There's a snake about five feet long and as big around as Rags. He's in the kitchen. Hurry, get your specs and shot gun and come on!"

He moved slowly over to the fire place and took his gun off the pegs over it. Carefully he put his glasses into his pocket.

"Oh, do hurry," Bonnie said, as she heard the impatient honk of the horn.

They climbed into the car and with several rattles and many bangs they were off.

"Now," mother painted, "here we are. Get your gun ready and please put on your glasses so you won't miss."

Slowly, Mr. Willet loaded his gun and then wiped his glasses. He straightened his humped shoulders as best he could, and tip-toed quietly into the house.

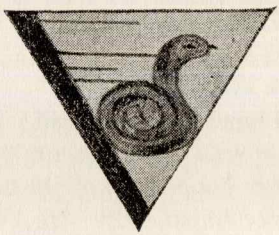
"Best to slip up on 'em," he whispered hoarsely.

He looked around the corner of the door searching for the reptile.

"He's in the oven," came from Bonnie Lee, who was out on the steps.

"Ahem," said Mr. Willet, and he stepped over to the oven and opened the door.

Mr. Willet gave a gasp of surprise. There lay the snake! He was a poor little chicken snake no longer than a foot ruler and as big around as a penny pencil.



CONFESSIONS OF A ————

by Harriette Stripling, '36

As a rule, I believe I am a fairly well integrated organism—not quite sane at times perhaps, but usually with the ability to control unconventional impulses or wild fancies. Spring, however, does things to many of us. I hope that we are not held responsible for our actions at this season when something gets into our blood that causes all sorts of strange longings which may be absolutely foreign to our ordinary habits, or even opposed to our firmest principles of life. Observe the most tight-fisted of misers in an orgy of spending; the most grim-mouthed spinster surreptitiously wiping away a tear shed over a touching romance; and rheumatic old gentlemen taking down the fishing tackle. These, however, are the most harmless of obsessions. Would that the mania which seizes me in its clutches were as innocent! Alas! It is something against which my conscience warns me, my early training forbids me, and my pocketbook, fortunately, prohibits to me, to some extent. The satisfaction of this urge is a demand which may not be denied, fight it as I may. It is gambling! Oh, not the gambling which takes one into dark and questionable retreats in out-of-the-way places, nor is it the disguised gambling of polite society over tables for four. The first holds no temptation for me, and the second is entirely too tame compared with the fascination of the game of my choice. No large sums of money are involved and no one is hurt if I win. The principle is the same, however, and if I find an excuse for it, perhaps it is that it will make me more tolerant, or at least understanding, of those hopelessly addicted to the first type.

The opportunity for temptation is so much worse for me. One can keep out of the way of others, but as surely as I go to town some day in spring, I find in some clean and innocent-looking grocery store or in the corner drug store, the object of my desire, and I am lost.

Prize candy! Ah! How irresistible is its fascination! At sight of it my hand is drawn as by a magnet to the nickle in my purse, though it be my last one. Each piece is a mystery—a secret to be revealed. Each one is a possibility—each a surprise of strange substance wrapped in tinfoil or perhaps even the giant chocolate Santa Claus, or house, or animal of unknown species. In one of those tiny candy eggs may be the precious pink that will make the beautiful brown one with dainty scallops

and yellow flowers all your own. Who could resist trying to discern through the brown coating the color which will bring joy to my heart. How disgusting to be fooled by the deceitful thin places where the brown and white blend to make an appearance of pink, and how convenient are the small holes often detected by an experienced gambler revealing plainly a filling of purest white.

Useless it is to tell me how slight are the chances, how foolish it is to waste my money thus, and that the candy tastes like soap. Without avail even is the heart break of disappointment, bitter though it is. He who has tried it knows that there is no thrill so great; he who has tasted it knows that there was never candy so sweet.

STORM

Sullen clouds hung over me
Dark and forbidding to the eye;
Dull thunder rumbled in the west
Brown leaves hurried by,
Borne on the storm winds wild and free—
And God from His heaven looked down on me.

Out of the heart of the mighty storm,
Borne on the wings of the sweeping gale,
Lit by splendor of lightning flash
I saw his face serene and pale.
As he calmed the storm winds wild and free—
So God from His heaven looked down on me.

—*Marjorie Browne,* '36.

CINQUAIN

The bones
Of little birds
Are never found in spring
After winter. They hide themselves to die?
The birds.

—*Mary Scarbrough,* '37.

A-RAVIN'

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)
by Annie Reynolds, '38

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary,
O'er a sweet and lengthy letter, with my back against the wall,
As I wrote it, feeling sleepy, feeling sad and somewhat weepy,
Suddenly there came a creepy sound of footsteps down the hall.
"I have sat till morn," I muttered, "and they're cleaning up the hall,
'Tis the Janitor; that's all."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And I wrote a "K. A." member as I sat upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
Bobby pins, to fix this horror—horror of my life, my hair.
Not in all my wildest fancies could I rate the Auburn dances
With that straight and stringy hair.

And I sat there writing, thinking of the stars that would be blinking
All around the Auburn campus in the calm, still midnight air.
Finally, to still the beating of my heart, I sat repeating,
"To the beauty shop I'm going; maybe they can fix my hair.
To the beauty shop I'm going, if it takes my railroad fare.
Curse this Montevallo hair!"

As I made my mind up stronger, hesitating now no longer,
"Clyde," said I, "or Oscar, truly your assistance I implore;
For the fact is I am needing bobby pins; my soul is bleeding,
For my hair strings, never heeding weekly sets and daily care.
What to do with stringy hair!"

And this ebony man beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the patched pants and tattered, dirty sweater that he wore,
Answered, "Miss, I'm allus thinking how to keep my hair from kinking,
Worryin' 'bout it clean from daylight till at night I starts to snore.
'No Kink' is the best I've found yet for us niggers what is pore.
Only 'No Kink'—nothing more."

April, 1935

There stood Oscar smiling queerly as he answered me with merely
That one phrase as if his soul in that one phrase he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a dust-cloth then he flut-
tered
'Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other hopes have flown
before.
Oscar's words made all hope leave me," and my tears fell by
the score.
Rate the dances? Nevermore!

Sadly, then I sealed my letter, feeling worse instead of better;
For despite his good intentions, Oscar had not helped at all.
Long into my mirror peering still I sat there grinning, leering
At the countenance before me, thoughts as bitter still as gall.
After thinking, dreaming, planning ever since the early fall,
I would miss the K. A. Ball!

Yet in two weeks I was walking down the street in Auburn
talking
To my best love, to my darling whom I ever shall adore.
In my bag with two new dresses (forgotten now my stringy
tresses)
Was a smooth, mysterious package! I had bought it in a store.
"Straight haired maidens' greatest blessing!" my shout rang
throughout the store.
"Cocktail hats forevermore!"

TO MY PIN CUSHION

Oh, little lady in taffeta,
With your rosette and golden lace,
It must be hard for you to stand
With such a fixed grace.

Your dress is dusty and old,
Yet you do not seem to care
As long as your eyes can say,
"Kiss me, sir—if you dare."

—Irma Loehr, '36.

I WISH WE DIDN'T

by Barbara Nettles, '37

Why do we have to grow up? Of all the silly things to do I'm sure that's the silliest. I didn't used-to seem so bad and was even a lot of fun to play-like we thought the grown-up folks would act, but they don't even act like that at all. Everyone of them is just like all the rest and they do and say and think the queerest and most foolish things and never have a bit of fun.

It's bad enough to be half-way group-up like I am, when you have to believe that since the hen is the only animal that can lay an egg, that the Easter Rabbit just isn't anymore, 'cause he'd be a "freak of nature." That's what teacher told us, even if it is dreadful. Life's not what it's cracked up to be either since there isn't a really true Santa Claus, 'cept deep down in my heart I believe there still is one just like all the pictures, but don't tell anybody I said so, 'cause all the gang would call me "sissy." These foolish ideas are bad enough but you just should know some of the things you have to believe when you're grown-up.

You know what? The other day somebody told me there weren't such things as fairies. Well, that just made me furious. I just stamped my foot and called them the awfullest name 'cause I knew all the time there were fairies. Why, if it hadn't been for that little devil in me then I wouldn't have gotten so mad, would I? And a little devil is just a fairy gone wrong. 'Course there are fairies, and there always will be. But you see, you can't even believe what you want to—when you're grown-up. Folks are always telling you something and then when you don't believe them they just laugh and say, "Won't she ever grow up?" And all the time I'm saying, "NO, no, no."

It's alright then 'till your best friend comes up to you, like mine did to me yesterday, all dressed up in a lots longer dress than she'd ever worn before and acting so funny. Then she whispered, "Did you know there really aren't any fairies?" And then I had to say "Yes." That's the way it goes, and we can't do a thing about it, 'cept just grow-up, I guess, and be like all the rest, but I wish we didn't.

LOVE SONG

I'm crazy about the way you whisper, "Darling!"
I love to see you dancing slowly by;
Your tennis game is really quite remarkable.
But why in the name of common sense do you insist on
wearing green shirts and lavender ties?

—Dinkey Sankey, '37.

April, 1935

AND WINTER COMES

The song of the newly-lit oak logs,
The blasphemous northwind without,
My windows with eyelids shut tightly,
The dank smell of mothballs about.

Old summer drifts off in the hearth smoke,
And Autumn, the beautiful liar—
She made us think all would be lovely!
I sneeze and draw nearer the fire.

—*Reba Kilpatrick,* '37.

SALLY SPEAKING

"No, that's Jack, you know, the one that called up last night. I'm talking about Bill. He's my love! Did I tell you he's coming up here Sunday, girls?"

Ruth asks, "Is Bill the one who gave you the radio, Sal?"

Sally again. "Nope! The boy from Jacksonville. I'm sorry he lost his job. Yeah, you remember those chocolate covered cherries I used to get by the pounds? Well, he sent 'um. Did I ever tell you how I met him? I was down on the beach in the shortest orange bathing suit. Boy! When I happened to—Y'all don't go! Please! Well, come back, hear? Jane, look and see if I have a letter if you go by the P. O.; Roger owes me one. He was Georgia Tech's football star last year, you know. Bring it to me, please; but if it's from Dave, it can just wait. He's too conceited. All the Howard girls are c-r-a-z-y about him. There's his picture on the dresser. No, not that one; that's Kelly. I told you about him. Over in the glass frame. Yeah. Isn't he good looking? Pitch me my mirror while you're over there. Gosh—! My complexion is simply awful, and I have so got to look nice for the dances at Auburn. No, Tom's not taking me. I'm going with the Junior class president. I met him last month. Why, didn't I tell you—. Don't rush off, Jane. Well, see you later. Bye."

—*Lenora Privett,* '38.

OBSERVATIONS

—On the Human Race

The ways of men, the ways of men
Are devious ways and strange:
I think perhaps I'd like to be
A squirrel for a change.

—On Myself

My soul is a lone wild mallard
In the farthest depth of the sedges,
But my heart is a little rabbit
That nibbles along the edges.

—And on Nature in General

One thing my fellows understand
I've never understood—
How of clean water and clean sand
Is born a thing like mud.

—Clare Shackelford, '35.

EXPERIENCE

Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls,
Kings or dukes, ambassadors, earls,
Silks and satins, Viennese laces,
The Ritze, Monmartre,—exclusive places!
Of all these I'd like a taste
To preserve me from the common waste.
But well I know that as I am
I must be content with "Sunday's lamb!"
And simply scan the magazines
For those things I haven't—or haven't seen.

—Eleanor Smith, '38.

COLLEGE

Clocks whirring,
Voices burring,
Girls stirring.
Some stifled yawning,
And early morning.

Bells ringing,
Girls singing,
Books bringing.
Other guests soon.
It is noon.

Doors slamming,
Studies cramming
For exam'ing.
Burning the light
All through the night.

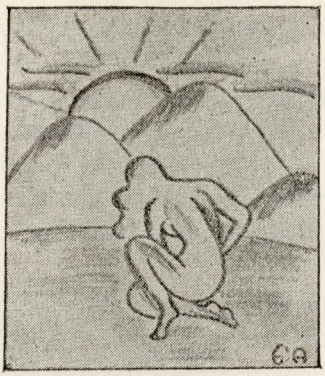
—*Janice Carley,* '36.

TONIGHT IS MINE

Ah, tonight—
Divine without a reason
Covered with the stillness
Of seclusion dearly bought.

New aisles—
That only silence opens,
Distilling all the sorrows;
Winging me to star-heights,
Erasing all the morrows;
Tonight is mine!

—*Marjorie Walton,* '37.



THE SUN-GARDEN

by Clare Shackelford, '35

Inside the strong and ancient walls
The laughter ripples run
Of the one-and-fifty maidens,
The daughters of the sun.
The maidens of the Inca
Consecrated to the sun.
Unseen they tend the temple
And they ring the temple bells
Until through all the golden land
The holy music swells—
The swinging intonation
Of the blessing of the bells.
And in the temple garden,
The maidens walk at ease
And chatter by the fountain side
And play beneath the trees,
Freely play at ball beneath
The shady garden trees.
Beyond the sunlit nunnery
The silver laughter falls,

But no eye unblessed may penetrate
The five-times-holy walls
To the private dwelling of the sun
Set in his garden walls.
But frothing over to the street
The laughter ripples run
Of the one-and-fifty maidens,
The daughters of the sun,
The maidens of the Inca
Consecrated to the sun.

MOSAIC

You say love dies,
That beauty fades?
I'd say rather that
It blends—
A thousand throbbing colors
Merged to one
Shadows and dims
Into an old mosaic
Smiled on by the gods.

—*Ruth Aylene Maddox,* '36.

THE SONG OF THE STARS

The stars are singing tonight.
Hark! Speak softly.
I reach out toward their sharp silver fingers
Against the night's black curtain
And try to hear their song.
But it comes faintly, far away—a mere whisper.
What is it that their music says?
Peace? Hope? Courage?
I know not now, but if I listen
Until my life with it shall be in harmony,
I shall know; I shall understand.

—*Harriette Stripling,* '36.

LIMERICKS

There was a big sister named Eva;
Her little sister often did grieve her.
She wouldn't learn trig,
And she ate like a pig,
Which angered this big sister Eva.

—*Hilda Golson,* '36.

There was a fair maid of Versailles
Who said to the giraffe, "How are you?"
"Too long!" and he sighed
As he sobbingly cried
On the head of the maid of Versailles.

—*Marjorie Browne,* '36.

There was a young Wop named Vanlutti;
His father, he sell-a da fruit-y.
He love-a da girl
With da beautiful curl,
But her father, he gave him da boot-y!

—*Ida Kathryn Coker,* '36.

There was a young maiden named Ida
Who loved bent pretzels and cider.
    Her mother said, "No!
    Too fat you will grow,
For I can't make your clothes any wider."

However, our young friend Ida
Would not change or reform herself neither.
    She grew very old,
    Very fat, very bold,
And she died eating pretzels and cider.

—*Alvis Neville,* '38.

There was an old lady I knew
Who always wore stockings of blue
And when I asked why
She replied with a sigh,
"There's nothing else bright I can do."
—*Annabel Hopkins,* 38.

There was a young maid of New York
Who doted on shoes made of cork.
Why she did, I can't say,
It won't fit in this lay
But go see the young lady of York.
—*Annabel W. Hopkins,* '38.

A new college I know in my dreams,
Where we all can eat chocolate creams.
No lessons to do there
But it's built in the air
For it only exists in my dreams.
—*Annabel Hopkins,* '38.

FOR SOME IS POISON

The earth is a table,
A turning table,
That's set with the dishes
Of love and hate,
Unselfishness, greed and
Loneliness, friendship,
Kindness, and spite,
And sadness, and joy.
The whole is all peppered with stars
With a bit of the sun
And the moon thrown in—
Select with care your menu.
Never choose in haste.
Or later you may find the dish
Looked better than it tastes.
Demorrhea Wright, '35.

MISFIT

by Dinkey Sankey, '37.

I knew almost nothing about the object of my visit, except that her great American novel was called "Green Eyes" by her and "a darn good book if somebody would explain it," by our sports writer and literary critic on the *Herald.* Consequently I judged the unknown by the known, which means I fitted her into the room like a headline on a page.

The room was one of those stiff little parlor-like living-rooms which seem to resent being disturbed by living people and to prefer their dreams of the past to present-day realities. The elaborately carved mantel was flanked by heavy, gold candlesticks showing Jack and Jill in graceful attitudes on the bases and dripping with tinkly cut-glass prisms which battled the pale winter sunlight with piercing shafts of brilliant color. Between these aged sentinels stood a clock, rich in exquisite carvings and covered by a gleaming high-lighted bell-jar.

A great heavy secretary towered above a tapestried rocking chair, and a Chinese lacquered work-box stood open on an ebony table inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Above the comfortable cushion-filled sofa hung a portrait—possibly of Brownsfield—of a small boy in blue pantaloons holding a vivid red apple from which a geometrically circular bite had been taken. A dainty what-not with silver statuettes, a bow-legged footstool, an hour glass guarded by two fierce blue dragons—all were arranged with perfect taste.

The owner would be a delightful personality. She would be small and dainty, with red-gold hair and long white artist fingers. Her eyes would be deep and dreamy, and—I found myself hoping—she would wear jade ear rings! Her costume I could not quite picture, since I did not know her age, but it would surely be the softest, most feminine—

My reverie was interrupted by a raucous voice in the hall demanding, "Well, why in the name of sense did you put her in *that* room, you simpleton? You know I can't stand that mid-Victorian, stilted, left-over-from-Lord-knows-when-room. Tell her to get herself in here, and make it snappy! I'm a busy woman."

THE MAN IN THE PARK

A cynic. Man of the world,
    No doubt.
The twisted smile—face deep-lined.
Sun-bronzed in the orient—
    Perhaps?
Yesterday, I talked to him—the man
    In the park.
How queer; Five years guard
    In a convict camp.

—*Sally Mahan,* '36.

PRISMS

Prisms,
Hard and glittering,
Dripping from crystal shades
In the soft candlelight,
Turn and sparkle and glance again,
Meeting their upturned reflection
In the dark surface
Of the table.
Words,
Hard and glittering,
Flashing like blue steel blades
In the soft candlelight,
Fence and parry and advance again,
Leaving no mirrored reflection
In the polished gleam
Of the table.

—*Dinkey Sankey,* '37.

A STAR

I saw a star
A certain night
Glance at the earth below—
Then draw about its gleaming self
A mist-white cloud and vanish there!

—*Eleanor Smith,* '38.

EVER TOO FAR

My love is a shining silver bell—
A song to keep.
My love is a dark and placid well—
My thirst is deep.
But these shall ever be too far
For fingertips—
The tune of the distant silver bell,
An echo slips,
And the well reflects a star,
Never my lips.

—*Roberta Taylor,* '36.

DECEMBER

How heartless of me to be happy today
When the air is cold and the air is gray,
And even the squirrels have hidden away,
And smoke spreads low,
And the dead leaves cling
To wet gray branches, and sick winds bring
Themselves to die by the dark hedge row.
But there's a little warm fire inside of me,
Newly ablaze with comforting brands;
And, won with the shining mystery,
My cold little spirit is warming its hands.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

SEEKING

Seeking, always seeking something. Casting oneself into the throngs of people. Rubbing elbows with seekers. What can it be? To see the stained and wierd faces—knowing too that they are seekers. Rushing hither and thither, engrossed with the material things, forgetting their souls. Often there is a bright and questioning face—probably a young one—seeking.

—*Dorothy Waites,* '36.

"To wait for one who comes not is one of the things to die of."—Old French proverb.

Waiting is nothing new. The stories tell
How once a maiden wept and turned a ring—
A flower bowed because the rain was slow—
And once a nation waited for a king—
Once Rome fell.

—*Roberta Taylor,* '36.

SUNSET

That is the gate of mystery
Through which the day has marched
As Adam once through Eden-gate—
Hewn-gold and triple-arched.

Day fares on across the world
That lies beyond the gate,
And, losing him, the land within
Is gently desolate.

When Adam and his wife had gone
As God, their Lord had bidden,
A strange sort of quietness
Settled down on Eden.

—*Clare Shackelford,* '35.

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